



A JOURNAL OF PRACTICAL REFORM, DEVOTED TO THE ELEVATION OF HUMANITY IN THIS LIFE, AND A SEARCH FOR THE EVIDENCES OF LIFE BEYOND.

VOL. VI.

{J. J. OWEN, EDITOR AND MANAGER,  
734 Montgomery St.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1887.

{TERMS (In Advance): \$2.50 per annum;  
\$1.25 for six months.

NO. 10.

## CONTENTS:

FIRST PAGE.—Gems of Thought: The Principles of Religious Enquiry.  
SECOND PAGE.—The Golden Gate—A Mother's Recompense, by Hudson Tuttle; Awfully Scared!—What Did It? In Front of the Curtain, by Daniel Coons; The Logos: "Light on the Way," Know Thyself by Ella L. Merriam, etc.  
THIRD PAGE.—The Principles of Religious Enquiry—continued; An Intelligent Religion; Who Knows? The Spirit Side of Life; A Strange Preacher; A Mysterious Summons; From the Sun Angel Order of Light, etc.  
FOURTH PAGE.—(Editorials) Editorial Fragments: All Along the Line: Where are the Spiritualists? Intolerance of Liberalism; "The Life that Never Ends," Mr. W. J. Colville's Work in Lost Angels; The Home College of Spiritual Science; Mrs. B. Huston.  
FIFTH PAGE.—Editorial Notes: J. J. Morse's Work; Look After the Boys; Angel Ministration; Mrs. Ada Foye in Oakland; Mrs. Whitney and Dr. Stanbury in San Bernardino; Professional Cards; Publications, etc.  
SIXTH PAGE.—Health as a Part of the Spiritual Philosophy, by L. C. Ashworth; Advertisements, etc.  
SEVENTH PAGE.—Chicago Physicians on Metaphysics—A Problem to Solve; Professional Cards; Publications.  
EIGHTH PAGE.—(Poetry) The Song of the Soul-Mates; I Can Not Love Thee; Ministering: Human Progress; Resigned, or Live, Love's Ways; A Prophet Rejected; From the Far East; "Behind All the Sun is Shining"; Publications; Advertisements, etc.

## GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Friends are not pebbles lying in every path, but pearls, gathered with much gain and rare as they are precious.

Ah! when shall all men's good be each man's rule, and universal peace lie like a shaft of light across the land?

The man who will not change his opinion is like standing water, and breeds reptiles of the mind.—*W. Blake.*

Error is only to be effectually confounded by searching deep and tracing it to its source.—*Sir John Herschel.*

Character is property. It is the noblest of possessions. It is an estate in the general good-will and respect of men.

To be a gentleman does not depend upon the tailor or the toilet. Good manners count for more than good clothes.

Marriage is the best state for men in general, and every man is a worse man in proportion as he is unfit for the married state.

It is better to live rich—that is, rich in the sumptuous enjoyment of all soulful things—and die poor in purse, than to live an empty soul-life, and leave millions for heirs to quarrel over.

It is a great and noble thing to cover the blemishes and to excuse the failings of a friend; to draw a curtain before his stains, and to display his perfections; to bury his weakness in silence, but to proclaim his virtues upon the housetop.

Parents who wear out their lives in the acquisition of property to leave for their children to scatter, do a double wrong—first to themselves, and next to their children. The bird that would learn to fly must lean on its own wings.

O Truth! pure and sacred virgin, when wilt thou be truly revered? O Goddess who instructs us, why didst thou put thy palace in a well? When will our learned writers, alike free from bitterness and from flattery, faithfully teach us life?—*Voltaire.*

In what little, low, dark cells of care and prejudice, without one soaring thought of melodious fancy, do poor mortals forever creep! And yet the sun sets to-day as gloriously bright as it ever did on the temple of Athens, and the evening star rises as heavenly pure as it rose on the eye of Dante.

This is our doctrine, the permanent value of trial, that when a man conquers his adversaries and his difficulties, it is not as if he had never encountered them. This power, still kept, is in all his future life. They are not only events in his past history, they are elements in his personal character.

Doubt is everywhere. Sceptical suggestions are wrapped in narrative; they bristle in short, shallow, self-asserting essays, in which men who really show their ignorance think they show their depth; they color our physical philosophy; they mingle themselves with our commonplace theology itself.—*Bishop Wilberforce.*

## THE PRINCIPLES OF RELIGIOUS ENQUIRY.

A Sermon Preached at the Theistic Church, London, October 23d, 1887, by Rev. Charles Voysey, B. A.

Having had this beautiful sermon handed to me by a friend who is in correspondence with its author, and especially as it was given by I used to listen with much pleasure and profit to Rev. Chas. Voysey, who was compelled to leave the English church in consequence of his advanced opinions, I earnestly request you to publish it in the *GOLDEN GATE*, with this word of introduction from me. Persons are often sadly ignorant of what is being taught outside the ranks of their own party or denomination. In the following sermon we have what appeals to me as the very highest and called Theosophy, as well as what is called Spiritualism, has purest theological teaching, from a man to whom what is not favorably appeared; but what can be more sublimely spiritual than this exquisite discourse!

Sincerely yours, W. J. COLVILLE.  
NEW KORAN, QUESTIONS XX. 16.—They who are wise seek not God in outward visions, but they discern Him in their inward spirit and conscience, for He is Lord of the conscience, giving strength to the feeble soul and light to the ignorant.

The knowledge of the world has been increased in two ways, by the discovery of fresh facts, and by the discovery of new methods of enquiry. And it must be admitted that upon no single subject has complete and final knowledge been yet attained. This does not mean that we have no true knowledge at all, but that even on subjects about which we know a great deal of absolute truth, we do not yet know all that is to be known. And if this be true as regards the knowledge of those objects which are well within the range of our present faculties, how much more true must it be in regard to those which are confessedly beyond them. I am aware how eagerly this admission would be caught at by the advocates of revealed religion, and how they would use it triumphantly in trying to gain timid disciples. I know well what a power there lies in being able to deliver dogmatic answers to the doubts and questions of troubled souls, and it is no slight temptation to imitate the language of the self-made arbiters of religious belief, and lay down, dogmatically, a creed which must be accepted without question. But a little patient reflection prevents our falling into the old blunder, and we refuse to grasp a present advantage at the cost of the spiritual well-being of those whom we desire to enlighten. We remember with satisfaction that those who have discovered their own ignorance really know more than those who think they know all, and this sense of their own ignorance has led them both to abandon methods of inquiry which have been proved to be mistaken, and to discover new facts which in time become the axioms of a higher knowledge. So long, then, as we maintain the spirit and activity of seekers after truth, our knowledge, however little it be, is more likely to be correct, and more certain of progress, than it could have been before our own ignorance was revealed to us. If we would deserve the honorable name of skeptic, which means, "one who looks closely into things," we must keep our minds ever open to conviction, and never be content to accept any statement without a thorough scrutiny and sufficient evidence.

The words of my text describe the change which has been made in the method of our search after God. Time was when men sought for God in outward visions; now they discern Him in their inward spirit and conscience. In the infancy of humanity, at the first dawn of its consciousness of a divine power above it, men believed in the deity of every force which was manifested to them in the operations of nature. The water, the wind, the sky, and the fire were all gods; the woods and hills and plains were peopled with spirits, some kind to men, some malignant. By and by, but still observing the same method, men discovered by their own ingenuity, that God was a cunning artificer in the rude materials of the world. The work of creation was conceived of thus: In the beginning there had been nothing but empty space, and the Creator fills it with the heavens and the earth. The earth is without form and void, and darkness is upon the face of the deep. The spirit of God, *i. e.*, the wind, moves upon the troubled waters. Then He is represented as fashioning, with the rapidity of an eastern magician, all the fair things which adorn the earth, and as hanging up in the sky, on a sudden, the sun and moon and all the stars, just as we now see them.

At last, when bird and beast and fish are sporting in the delight of life, He takes clay or dust and moulds the outward form of man, and again, with a sudden breath, turns the senseless mass into a living, conscious, reasoning man. Then, like one weary with His exertions, He retires to rest satisfied with his exploit, and with no mood to improve upon it. "He saw everything which He had made, and behold it was very good." "On the seventh day God rested from all the work which He had created and made."

You know how this crude conception of creation was developed in the earliest attempts to account for the sufferings and sins of mankind, and how, all through, the divine Being was represented, not merely as acting like a man, but like a man on the level of the men who wrote these fables. You know, also, how long this conception has lasted. We need not follow this anthropomorphism through the stories of the fall, the deluge, and the subsequent records of the "divine dealings," as they are called; but what has been said is enough to illustrate the method still practiced of seeking for God in outward visions. All along from those early ages until now, some people have entertained this conception of God as a clever artificer, and have carried their anthropomorphic ideas of Him so far as to believe that His only contact with men has been by appearing to them in human form. They have looked for God outside of themselves, and in outward visions. Now, whether this has been a right method or not, we need not now consider; but we must certainly notice the fact that Christianity is a religion entirely based upon this method. I speak now, not of the many good and true things which Christ is said to have taught, and which are still taught in his name, but of the many churches and sects who believe that Christ was the revelation of God to men. I say this belief, whether right or wrong, arose out of a search for God in outward visions; a vast improvement, if you will, on fetishism, polytheism, and other crude forms of religious belief, but essentially like them in principle and in method. The idea running all through the Christian creeds and Christian symbolism is that God has done something unexpected, marvelous, and miraculous, in order to convince men of His own existence, and then to bring them into higher virtue and happiness. In saying this, I am giving greater credit to this religion than it deserves, for its mouth is often full of cursing and bitterness, and it is a gospel of woe and damnation to nine-tenths of mankind; but putting it into its very best dress, I cannot alter or obscure the fact that it professes to be a drama or tragedy which appeals to the eye and ear of mankind—a something from without, as much objective and historical as the sun itself in the heavens. When we are asked, "Why then do you not believe it?" we can only reply, "Because our conception of God's relation to the visible world, and of His dealings with men, are too lofty to admit of it; because, in fact, we have attained a belief immeasurably higher than this Christianity of yours; therefore, we must reject it. We know what it is—we have found it out. We have been very earnest Christians in our time; perhaps, for our earnestness we are now being rewarded by reaching higher ground, and being blessed with wider and nobler visions of the splendor of God."

We look upon your system of outward revelation as taking so much away from the true glory of the divine Being, not at all as adding to it, or unfolding more of it. The more you attempt to confine the infinite within the limitations of the finite, you must sacrifice the divine sublimity. No words can tell how terribly you must degrade everyone of the divine attributes. I will grant that, if the term "good" means the same when applied to God, as it does when applied to man, then Jesus was, as a man, far nearer to the highest conception of God than poor Judas Iscariot could be; that Jesus, when he prayed for his executioners, was much more a revealer of God, on account of his goodness, than the chief priests and rulers who persecuted him to death—and this is true of all the best men of the world.

But the moment you tell me that Jesus was God manifest in the flesh, you degrade and spoil by limitation and defect the far higher conception of God which I carry about in my own heart. What is to you

the very essence and excellence of your religion, viz., that "in Jesus dwelt all the fullness of the Godhead bodily," is the very thing which would forever prevent my accepting it. I am frequently meeting with foolish assertions like this: "Christ is the moral image of the invisible God." People who use these cant phrases are quite unconscious of the nonsense they are talking.

Now, man can not go back in his conceptions of God. If he has once clearly and strongly perceived a certain grand and beautiful image of God, though he may certainly come to discover defects in it, yet he can never go back to frame or to admire a conception less worthy. The God of our heart's love and adoration is as far above Christ as the heavens are higher than the earth, and it would be as easy to induce us to accept your Christianity as to make us believe in fawns and dryads and water-nymphs, or to make us bow down to the stock of a tree. We can only admire Christ as a man, or not at all. If he had been God, his human goodness would not have had in it one grain of virtue. Temptation to break his own laws would have been impossible; obedience to them a necessity. But I will not wander from the chief point, which is this: Christianity, however useful it was once, is now become a failure through having been raised on a false basis. It was the latest attempt to seek after God in outward visions; to convince mankind that God must appeal to their senses in order to become known to them. And we wonder not that from beginning to end it is one long tale of marvels and magic, or that its firmest supporters should have invented a similar method of gaining disciples by daily, or, at least, weekly exhibitions of miracle, having the same benevolent object.

And this process is logically necessary, for if God must thus appeal to the senses of men, in order to become known to them, one Christ in one far-off age is not enough; the incarnation must be often repeated, the presence must be continually conjured up by the imagination or by the priest. Hence arose the sacerdotal use of the Eucharist, and the adoration of the consecrated bread and wine, no longer called by the names which belong to their essence and appearance, but by their supposed truer names, "the body and blood of Christ," "the ineffable, real, objective presence of Christ."

The Christians, doubtless in all honesty, give us very hard names for rejecting their religion—indeed, though they do not now torture our bodies, and break our limbs on the rack, as their ancestors would have done, they nevertheless torment our spirits very deeply sometimes, by misrepresentation and by a few well chosen shafts, which discourage the ignorant and the timid from listening to what we have to say. Their religion is the best they know of, and they think it very wicked in us to hold it in light esteem, just as the Pharisees of old thought Christ wicked for holding opinions which made him indifferent to their own.

In many previous sermons, I have placed side by side the dogmas of Christendom and the nobler beliefs which have displaced them in our own minds. It is not enough to do this; we must further show how we differ from them in our method, that we may teach them also to attain a better and truer belief. My text speaks of the wise as "not seeking God in outward visions, but as discerning Him in their inward spirit and conscience." This is the difference in our method, and this is why we have so much more lofty conceptions of God. They are tied to a book or church as the sole depositories of the conceptions of God of eighteen centuries ago. We are tied to no book, no church, but have ever the advantage of learning more and more of God as mankind rises higher and higher in the fulfillment of duty, and in the elevation of motive and character. For we "discern God in our inward spirit and conscience, and perceive that He is Lord of the conscience, giving strength to the feeble soul and light to the ignorant." No sooner do we learn to distrust the so-called revelations external to us, than we are thrown back upon ourselves, and forced to take shelter in the innermost sanctuary of our own hearts.

We seem to have nothing else left to us but God and ourselves, and we fall down before Him in our doubts and weakness, and cry aloud for His gracious teaching. If we have ever so faint a belief left in the

goodness of Him who gave us life, we can not but cast ourselves on his guidance, trusting that He will in time lead us into all truth, because there is none else in heaven or earth that can lead us. We know that in one sense we have to work our own way out into the light; that no human voice can reach the recesses of our soul; that we must walk and not be carried; that we must learn all by our own discipline and experience, and not by submission to bibles and churches, or by repetition of catechisms and creeds; and yet, while we are thus forced into responsible action, it is impossible to keep ourselves from lifting up our hearts for divine help and wisdom. The more we see the necessity for our own exertions, the more we feel that these exertions will fail, unless the strength of the Almighty fortify and encourage us. And then comes the first lesson of the Great Teacher, *through the call of conscience to duty*. Absolutely inseparable from an earnest search after truth is an earnest sense of our own responsibilities.

For the very reason that we feel cut off from artificial guidance we cling more faithfully to those duties which the conscience demands, as if they were the only tie between us and heaven. Following the conscience, not only in great matters on which depend our whole course in life, but also in all the small details of daily occupation and common intercourse with our fellow-men, we discern that although we are not infallible in discerning right from wrong, yet conscience is always loyal to right as right, and never sanctions wrong as wrong. Our moral codes will depend on many other conditions; on our previous mental training, on our early habits, on the moral tone of those among whom we have been brought up; but up to our highest light, conscience will ever urge duty as duty, will condemn all moral evil as sin against God. While religious feeling remains at all, the heart of man will always, more or less, identify the conscience with the Divine authority. This seems to be our first meeting point with God, and when we have arrived there, henceforth we know that God Himself is a righteous God who loveth righteousness and hateth iniquity. But all this while the mind may remain perfectly free from anthropomorphic conceptions of God and, in fact, wholly unoccupied by any speculations or preconceptions of His mode of existence. It has the advantage of being at least free from error, if it be even destitute of all knowledge on this point. When the mind is awakened to the question, it can only conclude or infer that if God is the Lord of the conscience, He must also be intelligent, self-conscious and righteous Himself.

Searching thus for God, however, by reverent study of the conscience and by obedience to its demands, we soon come into a more sublime region of thought. We discern that all the dictates of conscience, without exception, are designed on purpose to make us serviceable to the welfare of our brethren—that every command and every prohibition is inextricably bound up with certain consequences of real good to others. The inner nature of man is thus seen to be a kind of organism designed for the well-being of all with whom it comes in contact, and thus, at once, we perceive the universal benevolence of God; that it is clearly His object to make each man the minister of good, and only good to the rest of his fellow-creatures; that it is through duty willingly performed from the highest motives that the bliss of the whole world is finally to be attained. And so strong, so irresistible is this impression—which has all come out of our own hearts—that we are no longer scared or disconcerted by the evils and sufferings we see around us. We must, if we once recognize God as the Lord of the conscience, go on to the conclusion that He desires the good, and only good, and the highest good of every man born into the world.

But what shall we say of that still higher element in man's nature—his power of love—if the cold sense of duty can teach us so much? Duty cherished and revered leads us onward to a sort of ecstasy of affection in which we forget that moral laws still prevail. We do noble deeds, and make nobler sacrifices, inspired by the passion of Divine love which makes us blind to everything but the object of our loving exertions and sacrifices. We have done the brave deed before we could

(Continued on Third Page.)



[Written for the Golden Gate.]

## The Golden Gate: A Mother's Recompense.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

My boy, my only child, was an idiot! I strove to believe otherwise; I nurtured fondly the least ray of hope, and flattered myself that his development was tardy, and after awhile he would be as other children. I did not know it at first, for all young infants are nearly the same. They have their instinctive wants, and satisfy them in similar manner. I did not know, but I felt there was something at fault. How it dawned on me! At the time a child should stretch out its arms, and clutch at its mother's tresses, mine threw his aimlessly, and there was no recognition in his eyes, no sparkle of love, or tears of distress. They were blank, soulless eyes that made me shudder to look into. He grew in body, became strong, but walked uncertainly, unsteadily, as though objectless. At three he ought to have been able to talk—other children do,—but he could only say, "Mamma," with a pitiful sound like a bird's note.

I knew—I knew from the first, and I also knew that through me a sin had been incarnated, and that I must for life bear and suffer. My boy was an imbecile; the boy I had with a mother's fond dream expected with joy, and proudly fancied his future nobleness. An imbecile to mantle my cheek with shame, to need my constant attention, to be a thorn in my heart which could not be extracted.

And yet for no sin of mine—no wrong I had committed—was this affliction borne. No sin, unless it be a sin to love one who was an ideal of manliness; a promise of all a woman's heart most earnestly craves. Everything? I knew not that all his excellence of character was conquered by one habit, and at times he gave the rein into the hands of drink. I learned too soon his fatal thirst, but recked not that it would stamp its terrible impress on our child. I thought I should gain in my boy that which I lost in his father. I should have his society, enjoy his pleasures, and be proud of his success in the great world when he entered active life. It is all gone by. I will sit down by the ashes of hope. I will moan as for one dead. Worse than dead, a thousand times worse than dead! A body that eats to live, not to think; a mass of flesh without a soul! Oh God have mercy on me and my child! It is cruel and unjust to afflict him for his father's sake. It makes me doubt the existence of God and right.

My boy grew with handsome face, but soulless. He reeled and staggered when he walked, and as he clung to my dress would look up with such a besotted leer,—I could not help it—it made me creep and shiver. Men drink and become intoxicated; my poor child was born intoxicated. He knew not what sobriety meant. His brain reeled and was benumbed and clouded. There was only despair and the bitter sadness of regret for me.

At ten years he was a tall lad, and by incessant labor I had taught him other words than mamma. He had begun to receive and express a few ideas, not complex, but of most simple form. He distinguished objects, and went on errands and was pleased to do so.

However aimless his other actions, his love for me was most fervent, and through his love I educated his sluggish faculties. As I toiled on, beating into his mind by painful repetition the simplest thoughts, I envied the mothers of the bright urchins who passed on their way to school. No words can express my sorrow, my remorse, my disappointment; the deep pity I felt, which nerve me to unflinching effort for his improvement.

He was ten years old that Autumn. We went one afternoon to the shore of the Lake, a long blue expanse of water, reflecting every tint of the evening shore, as in a mirror. The frosts had touched the forests, and the trees were clothed in the fantastic glory of gold and carmine. A fine purple haze softened the distance, and fell like a veil over the remote hills and mountains. I talked of the trees and the flowers, and we listened to the songs of the birds yet delaying their flight to summer climes.

Time passed, and the sun was low in the west. Magnificent clouds, like vast robings, seemed to grow out of the purple sky, and across the fields of light were crimson bars and streaks of flame, through which the sun sank like a great red globe on which the eye could undazzled rest. The splendid scene touched even the stolid nature of my boy. His face glared with childish delight, and he cried: "Mamma, mamma, see!" "Yes, my dear Archie," I said, "I see. It is indeed beautiful. It will soon, like all bright things, turn to gloom. The night will come only too soon, and we must go home."

"The night," he repeated. "The night! Then it will be dark. Will the night come?"

"Very soon it will come. The Golden Gate of Day will close on the sun, and then it will be dark."

"The Golden Gate," he repeated musingly; "the Golden Gate! I see the bars, but not the gate. Mamma, who shuts the gate?"

My child never before had expressed an inquiry. My heart gave a great bound at this awaking of his intellect. I clasped him to my heart and wept for joy. "At

last," I cried, "at last he is awaking from his stupor, and I shall see him day by day grow mentally stronger." Brief was my moment of enjoyment, for with this one gleam of thought, like a star momentarily seen through a rift of cloud, he relapsed into stolidity, and when I took his hand to lead him home, he passively yielded, and half supported, walked with the pitiful, uncertain step that made my heart quiver to see.

That night I was awakened by a low moan from the bed where Archie slept. It was like and yet unlike his voice. I hastily arose, and went to his side. He had thrown back the coverings, and his face was flushed with fever. He was ill, very ill, and it was useless to relate how rapidly he grew worse. How I watched and wept, and wept and prayed, and the disease advanced, until hope closed her wings, and darkness brooded over me without a ray of light. And there, sitting by the side of my dying boy, justice and love seemed ruled out of the world, and life given only to bear the sting of pain.

It was midnight. The soft Autumn days had been succeeded by the days of storm, and the winds lashed the trees, and the rain beat against the windows with angry dashes. Midnight, when the great magnetic tides of the earth are in negative ebb, and the life forces are most depressed. I sat listening and thinking, in the half consciousness, yet acutely sensitive mood induced by the torture of grief. The clock struck twelve; it seemed to me faster and harder than wont, and as its vibrations died away, I was startled by a call from my boy:

"Mamma!"

"Yes, darling."

"The Golden Gate!" He had raised himself on his arm, and looked above my head with a rapt and intensely excited gaze. His expression had changed from stolidity to one of refined spiritual intelligence. His eyes were penetrated by a clear, angelic light, and his wavy hair framed his white face like an aureole.

"What will come now?" I involuntarily asked, as my fever-stricken boy was transformed into this vision of loveliness. His lips parted, and he made several efforts to speak without my being able to hear even a whisper. He threw up his arms; his hand seemed to clasp an invisible one, and then every vestige of the old stolidity vanished from his face. Through every feature, as though crystal, radiated the spiritual light of thought, animation, emotions and affection.

"Oh, mamma," he cried in a voice softly inflected, unlike his old monotone. "Oh, mamma, the beautiful lady will lead me away to the hills overlooking the Lake, where we were at sunset. She says she will show me the golden gate where the sun passes through, and it will open for us, and we shall follow, and the spirits of the air will bring it together noiselessly. We saw the bars, dear mamma; the gate was closed. It will open when the lady leads me through the path from the hills along the edges of the clouds, and down to the place where the sky kisses the sea. Is it not beautiful? And she says there is a group of children waiting for me, and we shall play the day long, and I shall learn from dear teachers who will come here, and no one will laugh at me, for I shall be free from the foolishness of this body."

His hand unclasped, and he fell back on his pillow exhausted. I placed my hand on his forehead, and my heart was so full I could only caress the wet brow.

After a few minutes he opened his eyes, and gazed wistfully at me for a long time.

"Mamma," he at length said, "your eyes are red, and you have been weeping. You must not. I have been a great trouble to you. I have from pity received your lavished love. I gave you hope because I was preparing to die, not because I was outgrowing my deformity. Preparing to die, and the fool body loosened its hold on me. That is what the beautiful lady says. She approaches!" He again reached up his hands. He seemed lifted from the pillow. "I am going now, dear mamma. I do not know when I shall come back; where the lady chooses to lead, I am going, to the sunset, through the Golden Gate, to the happy children."

"I love you, mamma—You must come to me to the Gate; I will open its bars—and we shall—"

He did not finish, but fell on his pillow, leaving the sentence uncompleted. There was a slight sigh, and the radiance slowly faded from his face, which settled into an expression of sweet repose, as the flush went out of his cheeks, and the whiteness of death stole over the waxen features.

I uttered no cry of grief. I am in doubt if I grieved or rejoiced. If the angels gladly received him I ought not to mourn. He was still my child, refined, purified, spiritualized, with the dreadful taint of hereditary sin washed away. I had prayed for his restoration, and he had been restored; not after the manner of my desires, but perhaps in a better way!

I knew he was beautified, and an angel with angels, and though I wept, my tears were like the drops the clouds let fall to reflect the rainbow's perfect glory. Kind hands assisted to prepare the body for its final rest. I combed his wavy hair, and placed a wild arbutus with mosses, such as he loved, on his breast. Some unknown friend lined the grave with evergreens. It was very thoughtful and kind, and the casket was placed gently in the prepared couch of leaves and flowers.

I heeded not the words of the preacher, "dust to dust," for I knew that here rested only the broken cage; my bird of

song had escaped. I wept, for that body was all that was tangible to my senses; wept over the ashes of my earthly castles, but I had seen through the bars of the sunset, and knew that the clouds so black on one side were aflame with light on the other.

As time went by, I thought anxiously of my boy. Where was he? Did he return, or remember me; love me? Would I recognize him when we met? Or would we ever meet? Perhaps God's universe is so vast we might never meet! Never find each other, for he would be beguiled into new paths, the brightness and joy of which mortals can not comprehend, and he will not wait for me. He will have traversed a long distance, that to me will be insurmountable, because I shall go in another direction! Thus I distressed myself with doubts and fears, until the end came, and over the world darkness came like a veil. I fell to sleep that was not sleep; more profound, more absorbing, and when I awoke a new light illumined the world. It was with spiritual eyes I saw by rays of spiritual light, by spiritual ears I heard sounds in the spiritual atmosphere, and feeling became a refined consciousness, receptive of a thousand waves breaking on my being from the spirit ether.

I perceived a group of radiant beings, in the midst of whom was my boy, my Archie, matured in stature as in mind; as he would have been under the most favorable conditions of earth-life. He came and took my hands, and with a thrill of delight I arose out of the earthly body with a glad bound, and received the congratulations of the attendant angels. There came music from afar, like the sighing of winds among pines, with distant falling water and faint notes of birds, for the ether was tremulous with sweet sounds.

My Archie folded me in his arms and kissed my cheek, and said: "You are by the shadows, dear mother, and we will conduct you along the archway, through the Golden Gate, which allows you to pass, but admits neither care nor sorrow."

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

## Awfully Scared!—What Did It?

In 1823, Mr. E. W. lost his wife, a most excellent woman. She was buried in the orchard on the farm, and about six rods from the back door of the house. There were two children left by this mother,—Lucy, a girl of ten years, and Amos, a boy of eight. The family resided in the town of Penobscot, Hancock county, Me.

To care for the house, Mr. W., on the recommendation of a friend, procured a stout girl from Fox Island, who, in due time, became his second wife.

She proved to have a most violent temper. In moments of rage she seemed to lose all control of herself. The children of the first wife were scolded, beaten, and abused in various ways. They came to fear her as they would a wild beast.

The husband was the exact reverse of his wife, being gentle and forbearing. Nor was he aware of the tortures his children suffered. He was blinded by her strategy. The more she had abused the children while Mr. W. was out of the house, the more highly would she praise them to him when he came in. The children so feared her that they dared not breathe a word to their father, even if she had allowed them an opportunity to do so.

Finally this woman came to be a mother herself. If Lucy and Amos had purgatory before, they now had hell in its most aggravating form. The demon of hate seemed to inspire her with new modes of torture. But a change was coming.

The table was set for dinner, when little Amos fell under the wrath of this virago. To swear at him, call him vile names, box his ears, was not enough; she actually caught him up, and smashed him down on the floor with such venom as to endanger his life!

While standing over her prey, and venting her anathemas, a sound was heard in the orchard—a strange, unearthly sound, a rattling, tumbling, jarring sound, which came nearer, nearer, nearer, until the dining-room was filled with it, and the table, dishes, and chairs all seemed to be in motion! In a few seconds, the phenomena began to leave the house and pass out into the orchard, disappearing at the grave, from whence it had appeared to come.

What is also curious in this connection, is the fact that the children were not frightened; but this unnatural mother turned white as a sheet, and trembled in every limb. She dropped into a chair, and looked wild with amazement, but uttered no word. Nor was she ever known to allude to the matter. But the scolding, swearing, and whipping ceased from that day.

Earthquake, and superstition? Perhaps, but it is strange that the phenomena did not extend beyond the house and orchard!

MINNEAPOLIS, March 10, 1888.

A MAN must either have noble purposes in life, or he must aim at the imitation of great men. Otherwise his powers will leave him, as the magnet loses its force if for any length of time it is left lying pointing to the wrong telluric poles.—*Jean Paul Richter.*

ADVERTISER links all things closer. Who ever heard of a beggar advertising for a lost dog?—*Uncle Eck.*

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

## In Front of the Curtain.

BY DANIEL COONS.

What are good conditions for spiritual manifestations?

In this day of frauds, fraudulent manifestations, and self-constituted fraud hunters, is it not barely possible that those in front of the curtain require as careful investigation, and as good "test conditions," as does the cabinet and the medium?

Let us suppose the cabinet and the personality of the medium, in morals, habits, and general character, to be beyond suspicion, and perfectly satisfactory to the audience. Where is the audience that will bear the same rigid investigation? They are each and every one equally responsible with the medium for whatever demonstrations occur. Can we expect those who have progressed to a more advanced sphere, and to a purity of life in comparison with which the purest and most refined of mortals is at best but a novice, to meet and give perfectly satisfactory communications or demonstrations of spirit power to a promiscuous assemblage, a few of whom are present from mere curiosity? A few come for personal gain in this or that, selfish desires to over-reach others to their personal advantage, and a few who stopped at the last saloon to brace up their nerves to meet their spirit friends, while one or two very bright, sharp individuals are present for the sole purpose of detecting the medium in fraud. Such a thing as immortality and the power of the so-called dead to return to earth and demonstrate that fact being preposterous. Any such idea could only be entertained by fools or cranks; and they attend simply to explode the whole thing to the utter confusion of the medium, and the overcredulous fools who attend these meetings. With the latter we must include the fraud hunter, who, having had some experience in such investigations, feels it to be his especial duty to hunt down and destroy all mediums who can not produce manifestations to order, under just such conditions as they choose to prescribe, and attend to be able to denounce everything not according to their peculiar state, apparently forgetful of the fact that the spirit or spirits conducting the manifestations have not the advantages of their superior knowledge and experience, and these same individuals also forget that they are thus measuring the whole bin of grain by their own measure, this last fact being apparently to all readers or listeners who unfortunately come in contact with them.

Some are earnestly and honestly seeking the truth, and yet hardly any two are in harmony in regard to what is evidence of immortality, and often defeat their object by their own conditions. For instance, one will come, clad in the habiliments of woe, seeking communications from those who are dearer than life itself, and instead of a heart full of hope, beauty and gladness to meet those friends, they surround themselves with feelings of sadness, gloom, and depression, through which atmosphere it requires a very strong earth friend, with a full and complete knowledge of the surroundings, to penetrate, and even then such a meeting can have but little in it that is satisfactory. Under such adverse circumstances what could be expected of a spirit, and especially if the balance of the audience tallied with the description here given?

The truth is the outside of the curtain requires very much the most rigid scrutiny. With such a picture as here drawn (and I appeal to any experienced investigator if what I have here stated is not very far below than overdrawn) does it not require a truly brave individual to face such an audience as generally attend our seances for physical manifestations? Until each and every one present is given to understand that they have their full share of the blame, if any, to carry, and that they will be expected to govern themselves accordingly, spirit manifestations will be unsatisfactory. Why is it that some particular individual can tell us of a remarkable seance or sitting with this or that medium? These individuals do not, as a rule, differ from others, but in this one thing they open the door of their hearts to a better influence; they come nearer spiritually to friends who are gladly trying in every possible way to reach them, and through them the world, and thereby enable all to understand this grand, this glorious truth of continuity of life.

1542 Atlantic avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Logos.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

I regret to see a serious omission and misprint in the last paragraph of my last or third number on "The Logos." It should, according to my manuscript, have been printed thus:

WHAT IS, *has an expression*; everything has an expression—that which indicates it. So intuition, so reason, so experience proclaims. Reason says that it is palpable that God's expression is the Universe. The expression of the universe—the effect (and it has one in every particle, spiritual or material, of it), is the *meaning* which it conveys in its entirety—the totality of its principles and facts, or *summa bonum* of the purpose and design of Omnipotence in the light and phase of universal theosophy—[this is the veritable Logos. The voice of God through the

Infinite,] in whole or part, in a fact or principle—utters the *meaning* or *The Word*. It is the Lesson of and for the Forever.

The words I have put above in the last brackets were omitted in your publication, a written line skipped by the printer.

In No. 2, also, was a grave mistake; my word, *teleological*, was printed *theological*—a very different rooting.

With thanks, truly yours,  
JOHN CUNNINGHAM,  
CHARLESTON, S. C., March 9, 1888.

## "Light on the Way."

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The issue of the GOLDEN GATE for March 3d contains an article entitled "Re-Incarnation—Fact or Not?" by Frederick Whitaker, in which the writer quoted from an article that appeared in *Light on the Way*, written by Mrs. Emma Miner, and the writer presumes, because said article was on the editorial page, that "it reflects the opinion of the editor."

Wishing to correct this erroneous presumption, I write this brief note. My professional duties as a physician and lecturer call me away from my home the greater portion of the time; consequently, the making up of the forms for my paper is left entirely to my printer. He uses his own judgment as to where an article shall be printed, and it does not necessarily follow because an article is on the editorial page that it reflects even very dimly the opinions of the editor, if it bears the signature of some other party.

I am not ready to state my own individual opinions upon re-incarnation as yet, because I have not as yet come to any positive conclusions upon the subject. I hold that there are many things in life explained satisfactorily in no other way.

My controlling influences are believers in and advocates of the theory of many embodiments. My assistant editor is also an advocate of this theory. I have just finished reading Mrs. Richmond's latest work entitled "The Soul," and find there some arguments apparently unanswerable; in fact, the very best I have ever read upon the subject, and I have carefully perused Blackwell, Kardec, and many others.

In conclusion, allow me to express my most cordial appreciation of the able manner in which you conduct your most valuable journal, and my sincere thankfulness for the assistance you have given Mr. Colville in his noble work for humanity. He has hosts of friends here in the East, who will never cease to speak of his glowing inspirations and of his unbounded charity.

Trusting that you may be successful in your every effort for human unfoldment, I remain,  
Yours truly,

GEO. A. FULLER, M. D.

MARCH 10, 1888.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

## Know Thyself!

BY ELIA L. MERRIAN.

Seek within for the golden key that alone can admit thy spirit into those higher realms of glorious attainments, so abundant in ever brightening blessings for all who truly desire to reach them through safe and correct channels. Know thyself! Be not a stranger to those divine virtues, the germs of which are implanted within thy nature, nor fail to discern thy errors and harmful propensities, developing by patient effort the former, and correcting and overcoming the latter. Let us learn our own weakness and strength, studying to control for good, so far as lies within our power, our own peculiarities and individualities.

Let us view ourselves in the mirror of self-reflection, weigh ourselves in the righteous scales of self judgment, and educate our spirits in the school of self discipline.

Know thyself, *not thy neighbor*; judge thyself, *not thy associates*; criticize, accuse, suspect, nor condemn not thy fellow, but rather seek the unfoldment of *self*, the conquest over self, in all its innumerable avenues, and thy heart, thy head, thy mind, and thy hands will be so continuously occupied in this, the highest fulfillment of the designs of an all wise Being, and the constant enjoyment of a newly acquired spiritual strength and knowledge, that we shall find no time nor opportunity to devote to this unwise and unjust censure or criticism of our human kind, but rather in the growing fullness of our daily intercourse and accomplishments, we will prove a shining example to all who desire to enter upon the beautiful, ever broadening, ever brightening highway of true spiritual progression. All other channels, promising the fruition of laudable hopes, that haven of peace that passeth all understanding, and the future universal millennium of harmony, purity, and truth, must prove erroneous, unsafe, and disastrous.

310 Temple street, Los Angeles, Cal.

In proportion as we love truth more, and victory less, we shall become anxious to know what it is which leads our opponents to think as they do. We shall begin to suspect that the pertinacity of belief exhibited by them must result from a perception of something we have not perceived. And we shall aim to supplement the portion of truth we have found with the portion found by them.—*Herbert Spencer in First Principles.*



## The Principles of Religious Enquiry.

Continued from First Page.

think whether or not it was right to do it, impelled by the one faculty in man which never sins, never errs. Love is verily the fulfilling of the law, though it is above all law, and makes fresh laws for itself with a Divine superiority to all intervening obstacles and barriers. We rightly honor the conscience, and our deepest respect is reserved for the man who is most conscientious, but quite as rightly do we set a far higher value on a warm and generous heart along with conscientiousness, and our highest admiration is bestowed on him who is most loving.

Think then what splendor and loveliness this adds to our conception of a righteous God! Righteousness, truth, equity: these must ever be the basis, the very foundation of all true thought of God; but in as much as we, His creatures, rise far above mere duty when we are impelled by love, so the Divine nature can not stop short even at a pure cold sense of duty to the creatures of His hand. He must have the bliss of loving as infinitely as He has the power to multiply creation and to rule it. And as it is more blessed to give than to receive, so if God's happiness be higher than our own, He must find it in the infinite boundlessness of His own Divine love. The light thus shed on the world out of the little broken mirror of our own hearts is destined to grow more and more unto the perfect day. When the dawn comes stealing over the hill-tops men begin to blow out their rush-lights and rise up to meet it with beaming eyes and bounding energy. So will it be when this, the most simple of all the religions which the world ever knew, shall have risen over the hearts of mankind; they will surely welcome it as the dawn of higher hope and of nobler life, and they will not wait for their fellowmen to ask them to put out their miserable lanterns, but will come forth to meet the day-spring from on high, even more thankfully than their forefathers went forth to welcome the Christ with his glad tidings of great joy.

One word I must add to these meditations. All that is true and good and beautiful in Church or Bible has come forth out of this same heavenly storehouse—the soul of man. God never wrote on tables of stone, on papyrus, or on parchment, the lessons and truths which have reached us from His mind and heart; all have come distilled through human reflection, human conscientiousness, human love, in which there ever lies a greater wealth of heavenly truth and Divine revelation than all the Bibles and Churches can hold, or the choir of angels and arch-angels can ever sing.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

## An Intelligent Religion.

"Shall man confine his Maker's sway  
To gothic domes of moldering stone?  
His temple is the face of day;  
Earth, ocean, heaven, his boundless sway."

What the world needs to-day is a human religion. The gods can take care of themselves. The multitude need an intelligent religion; the rich few can pay priests for prayers and masses. As an easy going friend said to me: "I do not trouble myself about these things; I have a lawyer to look after my business, and pay a priest to take care of my soul; it is their business, and they know more about those things than I do." But the masses can not afford it; and taking San Francisco as a sample, and the Rev. Harcourt, as an impartial statistician, he tells us in a late sermon that the saloons far outnumber the churches; and that while the churches will only seat about 30,000 persons, out of an estimated population of about 300,000, still, only one-half to one-quarter of these sittings are ever filled.

Now, accepting the Reverend gentleman's figures, here is something radically wrong, either as the brother seems to infer in the morality of San Francisco, or, as others think, in the indigestible weekly pulpit pabulum; and what is remarkable, it appears to have escaped the Reverend gentleman's attention that while the churches are left so lamentably empty, the Metropolitan Temple, or any other temple, fills to repletion whenever a spiritual lecturer is announced. These may, of course, be classed with the eleven obstinate jurymen, still their verdict will be ultimately final.

Now comes the very Rev. J. J. Prendergast, V. G., whose lecture on Spiritualism, or, as he prefers to call it, Spiritism, is as lucid as the oracular opinion elicited by Capt. Cuttle, from the celebrated Bunbury, attributable no doubt to the obscurity involved by "impostors, dupes, honest spirits and evil ones, ancient philosophers, pagans, Greeks, Russians, Shamoonies, fakirs, sorcerers, diviners and necromancers." The conflicting testimony of these referees were sufficient to confuse any one; and doubtless the Rev. Father's mind was so much perturbed that we have a reason for the many contradictions in his otherwise interesting lecture. For instance, after saying: First, "That Spiritism challenges the attention of thinking men, for one of its greatest wonders is the wonder which it has excited and its remarkable manifestations of a lack of education in the minds of apparently well informed persons;" says, secondly, "That no instructed person will presume to assert that Spiritism is composed only of fraud and jugglery; men of capacity and education have

examined and embraced it; men of science and distinction have sought some natural or scientific explanation of its phenomena."

Now, can any one determine whether the Rev. Father decides in favor of No. 1, "Lack of education," or of No. 2, "Men of science and distinction?"

Again I quote from the *Alta*: "Some 'people say that they do not believe in 'any spirits at all; but no intelligent 'person can seriously take this ground, 'whence it follows that a belief in one 'class of spirits is forced upon us by 'our reasoning faculties, and if one class 'exist, why not others?'"

This paragraph would appear to be entirely in favor of defendants, but the Rev. Father, like some other judges, after giving the law to the defendants, gives the verdict against them, and in his concluding sentence says: "I must not be misund- 'derstood, for while the teachings of 'Spiritism generally seem to be moral 'and unobjectionable, still I must decide 'that the Church considers Spiritism, 'materialism, divination, necromancy, 'and kindred systems, a tissue of fraud, 'natural forces, and diabolical agencies!'"

From this verdict defendants have right of appeal on the following grounds: First, The Reverend and learned judge's opinion is diametrically at variance with the facts and authorities cited by himself in his own arguments. (See Chitty on evidence.) Second, The discovery of new and important evidence, to wit, the prison statistics of the United States, published some time ago, by the *Argonaut*, certainly an impartial, if not to Spiritism, a hostile authority, gives these figures regarding the religious denominations of the inmates: Roman Catholic, forty-six per cent; all other denominations, fifty-three per cent. Infidels, which, of course, include Spiritualists, one per cent. One per cent of crime, after forty years of "diabolism!" Gracious, what has Satan been about all this time? Has he lost his grip? Ninety-nine per cent pupils of St. Peter, St. Paul, and Father Prendergast, and only one miserable infidel! Let us ponder, ninety-nine per cent of crime from the ranks of the elect, and about the same proportion of insanity in our asylums, and this the result of nineteen centuries of "bell, book and candle." What a magnificent success!

In another part of the lecture the Rev. Father alleges "that Spiritism has made no mark in history." Well, it certainly has not left its trail of blood through the centuries. "It has not," he says, "altered the course of destiny even of one nation." Well, it certainly has not, let us admit, wiped any nation out of existence.

It has not recorded against it the utter annihilation of the Arcadian civilization of the Caribbean Sea; it has not altered the course of destiny of the whole coast of Peru and Chile, from the Isthmus to the Horn, by simply wiping the inoffensive people out of existence, and leaving nothing of their memory except their splendid roads and ruins, which even time can not obliterate; nor has Spiritism (adopting the learned Father's briefer word) with its superior cult improved Mexico out of existence, leaving nothing but its imperishable ruins.

Let us be thankful that we can accept it, even if "it has not altered the course of destiny," yet with its soul unstained by rapine, terror, and blood. A. Y. E.

## Who Knows?

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

In your most excellent number of the 3d inst. is an editorial article, under the head of "Noble Words," quoting from the renowned author, Horace Mann, who says, "Be ashamed to die till you have won some victory for humanity," adding editorially, "Be ashamed to live without doing something to ameliorate the sufferings of humanity." The whole article is an excellent one, and I wish it could be prayerfully read by every Spiritualist in the land. But I think we do not always know just how to do this, and that often when we would do good we find evil to be present with us. A fond father or mother undertakes to bring up and educate their children in the very best way they know how, and find when too late that they have mistaken the way, and find "love's labor lost." Men and women not unfrequently devote the best energies of their life in propagating an idea which they think will greatly enhance the happiness of mankind, and find in taking a turn along the highway of life that it would have been better for them and humanity at large if their work had never been done; and we frequently find persons who never have made an effort for the benefit of others; who, on arriving to a certain stage of life, find that the patient example that they set, the persistent energy they used, has brought about success, and that this example has become a beacon-light to others who are struggling against the ills of life, and who knows but that in the great after life to come each and every one will have done something that eventually will be beneficial to mankind? Who knows but that in the great war and woof of human life that every thread thereof forms a part essential to its completeness? Will some one who knows explain? C. A. REED.

PORTLAND, OREGON, March 8, 1888.

PEOPLE who honestly mean to be true, really contradict themselves much more rarely than those who try to be consistent. —O. W. Holmes.

## The Spirit Side of Life.

[Written for the GOLDEN GATE by Spirit O. Bartholomew, through a private medium at St. Paul, Minn.]

Many of my friends in earth life imagine that it is beneath my dignity to return to earth and give an account of the life upon this side of the grave; they do not doubt that we live after passing through the valley of death, but imagine that the journey is so long, and the glory of the kingdom of God so wonderfully enchanting, that we would not again think of the life we had passed below, and the loved ones left there. They remember that I always preached of a loving God, and should not wonder that my love for God and man would certainly lead me earthward until the last of my loved ones have learned more of the goodness of God than can be taught to them by those who know nothing of the real home upon this side of the grave, where loving kindness is the first great ruling impulse.

It requires only a short sojourn in this life to clear up many opinions given to you as fundamental doctrines, necessary to be firmly grafted into, so that you could enter into the joys of the home in heaven. All I have consulted upon this side inform me that they have been obliged to lay aside many theories that were considered necessary in earth life, in order to enter into the joys of the heavenly home. It is here as with you, that we can not shut our eyes to facts, and can not sit down and fold erroneous theories to our bosom, after learning the truth. The truth is that real life appears to have just commenced in earnest, when we have fully entered into the realities of the life upon this side of the grave.

Unbelief is always a condition of uncertainty; therefore, do not be so positive as to shut out reason, and do not stumble over the idea of *spirit return* as though there must be some uncanny thing attached to it. You have been taught that God is a spirit, and that man was created in the image of God. Then why do you doubt that the spirit of man would be glad to return to earth, where the first experiences of the soul were developed? I find many of my friends upon this side, and enjoy their presence, but my love for those yet in earth life will continue to call me earthward until the last one has been gathered home; nor would I be doing my duty in leaving them to find the way to heaven, without some assistance from those upon this side who have entered into the joys of this life. You all have faith in guardian angels, but do not understand that loved ones gone before are usually those who delight to guide you heavenward, and are your guardian angels.

How can mortal man tell you truthfully of the real life and condition of those upon the spirit side, of which they never had so much as a glimpse? Imagination is often very brilliant in description, but real facts, given by some friend who was never known to testify falsely, should come to you with conviction, though his story does differ from the ideas you have formed of a country you never had visited. I have passed through the valley and met "the demon of death and the grave," to awaken upon this side and enter into the beauties of the spirit world, and return with greater love for my dear friends in earth life than before, and would be glad to know that they now listen to my words, and accept them with as much confidence as when I was with them in the mortal form, and guided them heavenward as best I could with the inspiration that was then upon me. Now the conditions are changed, and I return to tell of life as I have found it here, and they doubt, because they do not understand the laws governing life upon this side.

They complain because I return and teach of the realities of this life, and *spirit return*, as though it was not in harmony with my teachings when with them. True, I have passed into conditions that they know nothing about, and return to them as a spirit, that they think of as a visionary myth, while the truth is, that this spirit body is just as real to me as was the old one they laid so tenderly in the grave.

You must all be getting accustomed to new light and new ideas in religious matters, for you need retrace your steps only about thirty years to recall the fact that very many, at that time, preached of hell, as a place where the sinner would be burned in a lake of brimstone, and forever burned, yet not consumed. You do not hear that form of punishment talked of now, and why? Simply because your spiritual teachers have learned of the better way to lead humanity heavenward. You do not stumble now, because the terrors of that form of punishment have been replaced with the spirit of the new commandment, "to love one another," as a better light to lead mortals into the light of the new life in heaven. Then why stumble over the truths that I come to proclaim to you of immortality, and the possibility of returning to assure you that your life upon the spirit side will be just about what you make it. There never need be a plainer fact than that a tree is judged by the fruit it bears, and that men do not gather grapes from thorn bushes; and equally true is it that a just life upon earth fits a person to enter into greater joys upon this side of the river, than can be secured in any other way.

My dear friends, there are greater mysteries in earth and heaven than the simple one of spirit return, that is a stumbling

block in your way at this time; and when you, also, enter into the new life upon this side, you will have very much to learn as you journey along the beautiful pathways of the spirit world. Therefore, I entreat you to put away the idea that when you enter this life you will find nothing to do, for then you will have come into a very active life, and one full of new experiences, and I presume that then you also will seek the way to return and inform dear ones of the beautiful country on the spirit side of life.

O. BARTHOLOMEW.

## A Mysterious Summons.

[Washington Star, March 3d.]

The following are the particulars gleaned by a *Star* reporter of something in the nature of a ghost-story that has been talked about considerably of late:

The angelus had just ceased, and a well-known priest of this city had thrown himself upon a sofa in his room to enjoy a rest, when his attention was attracted to a feeble knock at the door. Rousing himself he bade the visitor enter, but the door remained closed. At length the second knock, louder than the first, came, and, going over to the door, he threw it open. There in the dim gaslight stood two little children, a girl and a boy, respectively about six and four years. The good father took them by the hand and led them into the room. As soon as he was seated the little girl spoke. "Papa is dying, and wants to see you; please come." And the little fellow by her side, now becoming bolder, added, "peas come."

Asking the children where they lived, he learned the location, and, bidding the children wait, proceeded to change his coat. Having done this, he turned to speak to the little ones, but they had vanished.

Thinking that like most children they had become tired and gone before, he hastened down stairs, and, meeting a domestic in the hall, inquired for the children. Upon being informed that she had seen none, and that there had been no children in the house that day, the priest was somewhat nonplussed, but thinking that probably they had gone out unobserved, he left the house and was soon wending his way in the direction of the eastern section of the city. Arriving at the tenement, which had been described minutely by the children, he rang the bell. It was answered by a man, who, being interrogated, said he knew of no sick man in the house, but probably there was one on the next floor. Up one flight of stairs, whose rickety balusters threatened to fall at every step, the priest found himself confronting a woman whose hair was white as snow and whose dress was nothing more than a mass of rags held together by pins. Asking her about the sick man she said she knew nothing of such a person and left the priest considerably perplexed. Climbing another flight he found no one in sight, but rapped at the nearest door. It was opened by a mere child, who said she knew a man that lived in 146 that had been sick for a long time. Turning to the left he saw, by the light of a lamp, the number 146, in red paint, rudely marked upon a door. He rapped at the door and a faint voice answered, "Come in." The priest entered, and there, upon a rude bed made of straw, lay an emaciated form.

The room was bare and lacked the necessary comforts of life. A large stove in the middle of the room, much the worse for wear, loomed up like a grim spectre in the moonlight.

In an instant the priest took in the situation, saw how near the man was to his grave, and proceeded to administer to him the last rites of the church.

Looking up, the man asked why the priest had come, and how he knew he was dying.

This somewhat startled the priest, but he answered, "Your children sent for me." "My children?" echoed the dying man. "I have no children. My little ones died three years ago yesterday."

The priest asked for a description of the children, and the dying man described them minutely, and the description corresponded in the smallest detail to the children who called on the priest. The reverend father was perplexed, but, not betraying his feelings, left soon after.

The man died the next day.

## A Strange Preacher.

There was once a minister of the gospel who never built a church;

Who never preached in one;

Who never proposed a church fair to buy the church a carpet;

Who never founded a new sect;

Who frequented public houses and drank wine with sinners;

Who never received a salary;

Who never asked for one;

Who never wore a black suit or a white necktie;

Who never used a prayer book;

Or a hymn book;

Or wrote a sermon;

Who never hired a cornet soloist to draw souls to hear the "World";

Who never advertised his sermons;

Who never took a text for his sermons;

Who never went through a course of theological study;

Who never was ordained;

Who was never even "converted;"

Who never went to a conference.

Who was he?

CHRIST.

OLD age is the night of life, as night is the old age of day. Still night is full of magnificence, and for many it is more brilliant than day.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

## From the Sun Angel Order of Light.

[Given through the mediumship of Mrs. E. S. Fox, scribe of the Sun Angel Order of Light.]

CHILDREN OF THE ORDER:—Saidie greets each and every one with her love, which is fadeless and enduring. Far and near her voice would reach, that each child might hear the sound thereof, and be glad. Her heart rejoices when she can bring comfort and satisfaction to your own. Her flock is dear to her heart, their progression lies very near her heart of hearts, and their true happiness increases her own. This must be so while she labors in the land for the good of all mankind. She must labor through her chosen avenues, those whom she has educated for her work, in whose hands she has placed with trusting heart the standard of the heaven-born Order.

To all who have come with pure heart and clean hands, she bids welcome. In the Order you will hear of your guardians, those who long to make their presence known to you, not as a mythical idea, but a real loving presence, come into your daily life to bless and brighten the same. Many feel and believe guardians exist who are sent from a mythical God, and are to them a mythical being, not a real, tangible one, the other part of self. God-given, as in life and immortality, they exist in the spheres to which they have attained, through growth and experience, which is the only school in which man can attain those divine possibilities which are imbedded in the human soul. Saidie would bring from the storehouse of wisdom those gems of knowledge which will best benefit all whom she can reach.

Many new names are being added to the book of membership, opened at her centre, and as Saidie welcomes each one, she would bring to them such gems of thought as will lead them farther into the pathway which ever shines with the love of the angels. Saidie would leave no child to stumble, even in the twilight of morning which is opening before its mind, but would light each and every step of the way, which grows brighter for those who walk therein with firm purpose and true endeavor to follow where loved ones may lead, who have crossed the shining river and gained the other shore.

There are dear ones, who, being left lonely and desolate, have sought to find the key-note of the anthem which loved ones joyfully sang, as they entered the mists which separate here and there, to return no more. Even death, so called, could weave no fears in their mind, though church creed had been left far back in the shadows where it had fallen. Saidie has noted the longing of hearts for truth and light, and although for a season these may feed upon that which earth provides in great profusion, still the unfolding spirit reaches out for God and His truth, and will not be denied.

Such has been the experience of many whose hearts' unutterable longings are so meagerly met by church and creed. Hungry soul, thou hast found the bread of life and partaken thereof to the satisfaction of the most unfolded nature. "Nearer my God to Thee" has ever been the song-prayer of those who would find the highway leading home.

Saidie loves to meet those she loves, where the holy baptisms of a higher life may fall upon them, where the loved messengers of light may reach weary hearts with messages of peace. To all Saidie bids welcome to knowledge. She would bless all with wisdom, but they must place themselves under the banner of the higher heavens, ere they can receive the higher truths. Throughout the length and breadth of the land could her voice be heard, multitudes might know the better gospel of peace and good will, and earth would thereby receive a new benediction. She works hand in hand with all who work for the greatest good of the race; she bids all good speed who, with pure heart and clean hands, will dispense the truth of the kingdom. For well she knows all do not receive equal good from the same fountain, even though each stream flowing therefrom may bear upon its surface or within its waters equal elements of good. Much depends upon the receiver whether full measure of good or only in part be retained, as the portion received from a fountain ever living, ever flowing earthward in plenteous waves. Saidie sees that within the being of each child, she is enshrined in the heart's love of the same, and she is content.

Children, the Order is the centre of the love labors of the spirit world, so enshrine it in your hearts. Let it be centred there with full purpose to eradicate all known evils which exist; so shall your feet walk the shining pathway leading to the land where we may meet in a home coming heretofore never recorded within the history of your planet. We look forward to this, we work for this.

Let this purpose reign within each heart—to so live, so overcome, that you will be worthy a place among the exalted ones from the highest spheres. Your guardians, who are your soul-mates, anxiously watch your progression, and while they come with loving benedictions, they note your progress with loving hearts. Overcome all lesser good, that no more you need to walk the shores of time in mortal garments, and may peace be with you. SAIDIE.

J. B. FAYETTE, President and Corresponding Secretary of the Sun Angel Order of Light.

OSWEGO, N. Y., Feb. 19, 1888.



## GOLDEN GATE.

Published every Saturday by the "GOLDEN GATE PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY," at 734 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

AMOS ADAMS, PRESIDENT; I. C. STEELE, VICE-PRESIDENT; ABRAHAM BAKER, TREASURER; DR. JOHN ALLYN AND J. J. OWEN.

J. L. OWEN, EDITOR AND MANAGER; MRS. MATTIE P. OWEN, Secretary and Assistant; R. B. HALL, General Agent.

TERMS:—\$2.50 per annum, payable in advance; \$1.25 for six months. Clubs of five (mailed to separate addresses, \$10, and extra copy to the sender. Send money by postal order, when possible; otherwise by express.

ADVERTISEMENTS:—All letters should be addressed: "GOLDEN GATE, No. 734 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal."

SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1888.

## EDITORIAL FRAGMENTS.

Self-reliance is a better legacy for a young man to begin business with than much gold. If to this be added habits of temperance and industry success in life is certain.

There is no fact of nature of quite as much importance to the world as the fact of the continuance of human life beyond the gates of death. A thorough understanding and adaptation of this truth to mortal existence means everything of good to the race. It will eventually bring about an era of universal brotherhood wherein no one can do another wrong.

It is not for man to question the wisdom of the Creator. If he sees fit to create venomous reptiles, or fan the soft airs of heaven into devastating cyclones, or rend the foundations of the earth itself with mighty convulsions, that is His business—ours to keep out of the way,—if we can, and if we can't, to accept the situation in a manner that will produce the least disturbance to ourselves.

The most sterling manhood is almost invariably self-made. It is the hard struggle with poverty, and other seemingly unfriendly conditions of life, that give keenness to one's faculties. This struggle has made a success of many a man who, with a fortune to start with, would have grown limp and good for nothing. In fact, there are but very few of our men of wealth or worth of to-day who did not start at the bottom of fortune's ladder.

The testimony in favor of psychic phenomena by those who "wish it distinctly understood" that they are "not Spiritualists," is multiplying in the secular press. One can scarcely take up a secular paper that does not contain some account of spirit manifestations by this class of witnesses. As though their testimony should have more weight with the world because they are *not* Spiritualists! But why so eager to deny their belief in what their evidence goes to establish?

When will the world learn that there are higher and better uses for human energies than in their exclusive devotion to the acquisition of wealth. If the young man, of bright hopes and laudable ambition, could only realize how the eager pursuit of gain is apt to shrivel up the spirit, and encase it in an armor of selfishness—how like the sirocco of the desert it will dry out of his nature the sweet juices of benevolence, and the thought for the welfare of his fellow-beings—we think he would see to it that other and higher objects in life should absorb a portion of his attention.

There is no one virtue that Spiritualists need to cultivate quite as much as that of forbearance with those who do not agree with them. Here, for instance, is some medium that scores of good, honest people believe in—whose genuineness they claim to know; while other scores are equally certain that said medium is a shameless trickster and cheat. Neither party is willing to tolerate the opinions of the other, and so they allow the serenity of their souls to become disturbed with unkind feelings toward each other. Ah, friends, it is of far less consequence to you that said medium is dishonest, or otherwise, than it is that your own life is made sweet and beautiful.

An intelligent gentleman—a successful business man, a keen observer, a careful investigator, and a thoroughly honest man—said to the writer a few days ago, that he had attended, within the last few years, over two hundred materializing seances, given by fourteen different mediums for form manifestations, and in all this experience he never yet had found the first mediumistic "fraud." He had seen mediums used by spirits for personation and transfiguration, and had witnessed what might be regarded as intended deception on the part of the spirits, but in all of which deceptive appearances he was satisfied that the medium was unconsciously used by the invisibles. But what is this man's vast experience worth as compared with that of some smart newspaper reporter, who visits a medium for the first time, and is able the next morning to "show up" the whole business to the incredulous world!

## ALL ALONG THE LINE.

The enemies of Spiritualism—from the orthodox Christian, who believes in the continuance of life beyond the grave, without being able to prove it, to the materialist, who rejects all proof or belief in spiritual existence—seem to be rallying just now for what they intend shall be a charge all along the line of our beautiful philosophy, with a view to giving it its quietus in the estimation of the world.

Preachers, bigots, skeptics, and other spiritual ignoramuses without number, are centering their little pep guns upon the citadel of our positive knowledge, vainly imagining that they can extirpate a monumental fact of nature. They might as well attempt to arrest the law of gravitation, or roll back the tides of the mighty deep to a dead sea level.

Still the work goes on, with an ever increasing momentum. Mediums are being developed in thousands of homes, many of them mere children, and the spirit world is drawing nearer and nearer to the great longing heart of humanity.

We know that the loved ones whose pulseless ashes we have given back to the elements, live again, for have they not come back to us and told us so? Have they not spoken to us through the unconscious and entranced lips of the living in mortal form—through the lips of babes, and those of our own households, who could not deceive us? Aye, more; have they not come to untold multitudes of the race in many sensuous ways that can not be ignored or denied?

How unreasoning skepticism, the world over, rejoiced over the adverse and unfriendly report of the learned Commission of the University of Pennsylvania. That, they said, was the death blow to Spiritualism! It will never again presume to hold up its head and assert its startling claims! But upon the deep sea of spiritual life and knowledge that report caused not so much as the tiniest ripple. It was less than the breath of the zephyr that toys with the foliage of the mighty oak. No one heeded it save those who had faith in its extirpating qualities.

Lucky for the believers in spiritual phenomena, and luckier for those who practice spiritual gifts, that the days of persecution for opinion's sake are no more. If the church could burn a Bruno for asserting a few facts of nature, in opposition to the ignorance of a religious hierarchy, what would it not have done to our mediums of to-day, if it had had them in its power?

It is well for the spirit world, well for us all, that blind superstition and ignorance have so far disappeared before the sunlight of knowledge that man can assert his right royal liberty of thought and opinion in the open day—that the barbarous rack and thumb-screw, and all the horrid appliances for the enforcement of religious doctrine, are things of the past, no more to be revived among the children of men.

And so the cause so dear to all true Spiritualists is rapidly spreading everywhere. It bears on the crest of its tidal wave love for all humanity, which is just the same as love to God.

## WHERE ARE THE SPIRITUALISTS?

According to the various good authorities, a large portion are to be found in the different churches. Being a church member is certainly nothing opposed to being a Spiritualist; on the contrary, we do not see how any so-called orthodox can help being one, since their book of faith is full of it. Nevertheless, church members are not called, or known as Spiritualists; if mediums, they do not develop their powers for the enlightenment of others; neither do they contribute to the support of our journals. Whatever new light may come to them is kept under the bushel of their profession, instead of shining out through their honest belief. We do not deny their right to do as they choose in the matter, but we deny their benefit to the cause, which is in need of just such exponents. A converted orthodox carries greater weight in engaging the attention of other minds than would that of ten infidels, since the changing of a faith signifies more than the creation of one. But without avowal or advocacy, neither is of practical good to the true philosophy.

The entire theological element is tinged with the brighter hues of our faith, but it is borrowed, not real, so long as theologians train under the banners of creed. It is stated that a trance medium of Charleston says he gives more sittings to church members than he does to professed Spiritualists. With few exceptions, we think the seed thus sown will bear no fruit in this life; the many will not come out and "own that they have always been Spiritualists." Their assistance will come from the other side, when they have passed all possible danger of being on the wrong one. This timidity is good proof that they are not full believers, only curious investigators. As such they might be honest, step out and say so. If for this they were cast out of the fold, they would not find themselves among wolves, nor among goats.

—Mrs. Margaret M. Nichols, a native of Salem, Mass., aged 81 years and 10 months, a noble soul and a true Spiritualist, passed on to the higher life, from this city, on Sunday evening last. Her remains were consigned to the grave, from Washington Hall, on Tuesday last, Mr. H. C. Wilson and Mrs. A. Wiggin offering some appropriate remarks at the hall, and Mrs. Hattie R. Wilson, under a beautiful and loving influence, speaking

tenderly at the grave. Mrs. Nichols was the mother of Mrs. S. B. Whitehead, one of the Directors of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists.

## INTOLERANCE OF LIBERALISM.

Spiritualists are apt to talk of, and condemn, the intolerance of the church—especially as witnessed in the enforcement of its rigid and cruel dicta in the dark ages,—but it never, perhaps, occurs to them that they are open to like condemnation in the unkind and intolerant spirit they often manifest toward those in their own ranks, as well as out, of different opinions. Herein they need a gentle reminder that shall bring them to a realizing sense of their true relationship with their fellow beings.

This would be a very tame and insipid world if all minds were patterned alike and thought precisely alike. It is in the diversity of opinion, as in the diversity of sounds, sights and colors, that the well ordered brain takes delight.

It is only when one vainly comes to the conclusion that he has nothing more to learn upon any given subject, whereof thoughtful minds may honestly differ, that he is apt to become dogmatic and intolerant; and dogmatism is always an evidence of ignorance.

If we are wise, we will speedily adjust ourselves to the self-evident proposition that the same degree of respect and consideration we claim for ourselves, and for our own opinions, we owe to every other person and his opinions.

Who does not see that the general application and adoption of this principle would turn the world of disputatious humanity from a den of snarling beasts into a respectful household of kindly divergent thoughts and opinions, wherein, instead of bitter and uncharitable denunciation, the law of kindness and good will would prevail?

You do not believe in the honesty of this medium, or of that. Well, what if you do not; your neighbor does, and has he not the same right to his opinion that you have to yours? The question of one or of many embodiments you have, perhaps, settled in your own mind. But what of that; do you think it is kind or wise to denounce your brother for reaching a different conclusion?

THE GOLDEN GATE has no pet hobby, save that of an earnest desire for the truth. To a fair and friendly discussion of all questions relating, or in any manner akin to Spiritualism, we are ready to offer our columns. If the reader finds an article therein occasionally that does not meet with his approval, he should magnanimously skip it, and pass on to the next.

Without variety our paper would soon become dull and insipid to all, perhaps, except a very few Spiritualists. Hence, no one can have just cause of complaint, if they are not always pleased.

## "THE LIFE THAT NEVER ENDS."

"The truest end of life is to know the life that 'never ends.' Mere belief is no longer satisfying, and thanks to all the good powers that be, all who desire may become possessed of absolute knowledge regarding that life of which this is but a beginning. 'A vale of tears,' indeed, was this world before the eternal light broke through its gloom of orthodoxy. The light of the Scriptures, its spiritualistic record, was but supposed to belong to those ancient times, called days of miracles; the promise of Jesus that greater things than he did should be done in his name, was believed to apply only to the disciples of old.

So, when the promise began to receive fulfillment in this age, the things heard, seen, and done, were without hesitation pronounced to be the works of him who is set down in the Book as being pitched over the battlement of heaven, and ever since working in opposition to the dominion of light.

This latter imputation did not accord with the information given by the supposed Evil One, and very soon the number largely increased who were willing to risk their very souls to learn positively from whence it came.

So far all the evil spirits who have come to mortals show such a willingness to forsake their errors and be redeemed through kindness, that the most powerful believers in a positive source of wickedness, have yielded more than one point to the argument against it.

It has come to be a pretty generally accepted opinion that whatever of wrong and wicked inclination exists in Ghost Land, is the direct result of bad living here. Thus it will readily be seen that a true knowledge of the life that never ends is necessary to the best living here. The long accepted idea that a few drops of water, or even a general dipping, the prayers and formalities of priesthood, can launch a soul into Elysium is almost dead. When it is quite gone the world will live better.

—At the meeting of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists at Washington Hall last Sunday evening, the subject, "Spiritualism contains all there is of benefit to humanity that is claimed by Theosophy," was opened by President Wilson, followed by Messrs. Johnson, Tomson, and others, in a very friendly and spirited manner. Mrs. Maggie Folsom-Butler, of Boston, was present, and, upon being introduced, spoke of the work and beauties of the Children of the Progressive Lyceum in Boston, and earnestly advised action in the same line by every Spiritualist in the land. We agree with her and think she has struck the key note to spiritual knowledge. Meeting at the same place next Sunday at 2 o'clock P. M., when Dr. Aspinwall, of Minneapolis, Dr. W. W. McKaig, and others, will address the audience.

## MR. W. J. COLVILLE'S WORK IN LOS ANGELES.

On Sunday last, March 18th, W. J. Colville was greeted by two tremendous audiences in Los Angeles. The interest in his ministrations there is constantly increasing, so much so that active preparations are being made for his return during the interim, between his visit to San Diego and return to San Francisco.

Before a delighted and truly influential audience, at 2:30 P. M., the subject of discourse was: "Mediums and their Duples," a review of a pamphlet recently issued by Walden, of San Francisco, which is achieving a very large circulation on this Coast. The lecturer by no means condemned, neither did he endorse the pamphlet, which is a collection of papers all more or less hostile to phenomenal Spiritualism, and yet admitting the possibility of spirit communion, and professing to be in search of light on spiritual questions.

As a text for a very interesting and instructive lecture the pamphlet served very well, as it gave liberal opportunity for a thorough canvass of the different views entertained by Spiritualists, and allowed unlimited license for the expression of fearless, independent thought. There are, said the speaker, at least three distinctive attitudes assumed by professing Spiritualists of to-day: one is that of the intensely credulous and emotional type of mind which will swallow any rational sensation without even an approach to rational analysis. Another is still more reprehensible, viz.: the censorious condemnatory attitude of self-constituted, would-be purveyors of the movement who anathematize all who do not bow to their preposterous requirements, and who, moreover, insist, and that with consummate injustice, that all mediums should be accounted guilty until proved by these same censors in a recent, to their particular satisfaction.

A third party is made of those who are neither glib nor unfair, who, desiring to investigate honestly, neither hastily raise the cry of fraud, nor condone deception. This ever enlarging company of honest truth seekers is growing, and it is to those only who will adopt a truly scientific and therefore thoroughly dispassionate attitude with regard to all psychic phenomena that Spiritualism need appeal for justice.

True Spiritualism is something vastly superior to phenomenal Spiritualism, which is only an introduction to it; when all its phases are rightly related the one to the other, Spiritualism will be indeed a power for blessing and uplifting the race.

The true relations of reason and intuition were dwelt upon, the speaker claiming that two such thoroughly harmonious powers could never be at variance, for if any intuitive revelation appears super-rational, it is never irrational; thus reason is never insulted by spiritual truth, but, on the contrary, fully endorsed and highly cultivated by its action. A very acceptable poem on "What is True Charity?" ended the services.

At 7:30 P. M. a very able lecture was delivered on "Co-Education, or the Right Relation of the Sexes in Home, School, the Business World, and General Society." This theme was treated radically from a common sense though spiritual standpoint, the lecturer arguing strongly in favor of the absolute equality of the sexes.

The following may serve as a sample quotation from the discourse: "As we have heard much, very much of woman's inferiority to man, we now have sometimes to listen to an equally absurd theory that woman is superior to man. This latter error is as ridiculous as the former, and would never have cropped up had it not been for the unjust enslavement of woman in the past. Men and women are divinely constituted equals; women who advocate masculine inferiority are generally scolds; men who advance the theory of feminine inferiority are generally tyrants, and between the tyrant and the scold there is little to choose. One is apt to be as unpleasant as the other, and indeed the two states are so closely allied that we scarcely determine where tyranny ends and scolding begins, unless it be that a scold usually confesses weakness which a tyrant does not, though he often is inwardly conscious of it. It is man's sense of inferiority and lack of power that makes him seek to assume a strength he knows he does not lawfully possess. Conscious strength is always gentle; felt power is invariably tender, merciful, and mild. What God has forever united no human power can sever, and all attempts to do so can only result in direful failure. Men and women need to learn that their every interest is identical; when they learn that they are co-operators ever, but rivals never, the day will have arrived when the rights of women will mean to all the rights of men, and vice versa."

Following the discourse, which was one of unusual eloquence, a poem of rare ability was improvised on "Re-Incarnation" and "Nirvana." (Subjects presented by the audience.) Beautiful flowers adorned the platform; the music was very pleasing, and all influences seemed exceedingly harmonious.

W. J. Colville's subjects next Sunday, March 25th, will be: 2:30 P. M., "What is True Mediumship, and How Can We Best Develop It?" 7:30 P. M., "What Must We Do to be Saved?" Admission, ten cents. Class lessons continue Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30 P. M. Also in Bartlett's Hall, First street, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 7:30 P. M. They are exceedingly well attended, and provocative of much deep thought and interest.

Mr. Heath is making many friends among the students, and has also all the patients he can attend to. His success of late has been singularly marked.

W. J. Colville's engagements in San Diego commence Sunday, April 8th, and end Sunday, May 6th. He then expects to return to Los Angeles for a few weeks, en route for Oakland, where he will spend June and possibly July before proceeding to Chicago, where he is due in August.

The public meetings on Sundays and classes during the week in San Diego will be conducted

just as in Los Angeles. Mrs. E. W. Bushyhead is very kindly bestirring herself in active preparation.

## THE HOME COLLEGE OF SPIRITUAL SCIENCE.

—On Wednesday evening the College lecture room at 344 Seventeenth street was filled with students and friends who had assembled to hear Mrs. Cramer's inaugural address. The proceedings commenced with an instrumental duet, "Ave Maria," by Schubert, followed by the singing of "Nearer, my God, to Thee," in which those present joined. Mrs. Cramer, in her address, (a review of which we intend publishing in our next week's number), carefully and ably explained the sphere of Spiritual Science, and the training that was necessary to become a metaphysician. Mrs. Cramer made an appreciative and receptive audience. Toward the conclusion of her remarks she announced that the Home College of Spiritual Science was to be chartered or incorporated under the laws of the State of California immediately, and that diplomas would be issued to graduates. Also, that evening classes in Universal Theosophy will be conducted by Mrs. Cramer herself. After the address Mrs. Morris played "Home, Sweet Home," and then Mr. Cramer explained the nature and object of "The Universal Register." Upon the same subject Mr. Coote read a paper, which will appear in our next issue. During the evening Mr. Maguire sang two appropriate selections effectively. We congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Cramer, and all concerned in the evening's proceedings; they mark a new era of spiritual unfoldment in San Francisco, and we hope that this will be but the first of many homes to become colleges. The first course of instruction in Metaphysics will commence on Tuesday next at 2 P. M. at the College.

THERE are two things which ought to teach us to think meekly of human glory: The very best men have had their calumnies; the very worst their panegyrics.—EXCHANGE.

There are many kinds and qualities of glory, many sorts of calumnies, and many classes of panegyrics. Each must be carefully considered before one is prepared to pronounce upon its worth or worthlessness. True glory is not heightened by the homage and praises of men; neither is it lessened by their envy and scorn. Save that which is ever present in the creations of Omnipotence, there is no glory in this world that is not human, and human glory of the right kind is something to strive for. The paths that may lead to it are many and rugged, some of them thorny and painful to tread. None are flower-strewn, or paved with sparkling gems. The rough stones lie thickly along, waiting for the hand that shall work them into fair shapes, and bring forth, perhaps, a hidden gem. Calumny and eulogy are both easy to gain, but their acquisition is neither proof of merit or demerit. They simply tell that we have pleased some, displeased others. True glory is a thing of conscience and soul. When these are at peace with all our fellows, mortal and immortal, we have won a glory not to be thought meekly of.

MRS. B. HUSTON.—The writer attended a materializing seance given by this lady, lately from Boston, under the management of Dr. Aspinwall, at 114 Turk street, on Wednesday evening last. Mrs. Huston is a pleasant, honest-faced lady, who, we judge, would tip the scales at 180 lbs. There was not the slightest opportunity for confederates, and, as far as we were able to judge, no attempt at deception of any kind. Her manager stated that the spirits sometimes used the medium for personation and transfiguration, which neither the medium nor her guides make any attempt to conceal. Certain it is that some of the forms that appeared were not the medium, some being scarcely one-half her size. None of the forms appeared veiled, and all were fully recognized by their friends. There appeared but one (what is known as) cabinet spirit, who came first, as it was said, to prepare the way for the others,—all of the rest, and there were many, being friends of this present. Usually but one form appears at a time, although two came out together a few times. For positive tests of spirit identity, her seances are truly remarkable.

—A good sister, Mrs. S. E. Woodruff, writing from Hannibal, Mo., and enclosing a year's subscription for a new subscriber to the GOLDEN GATE, says: "I only regret that financially I am 'not able to take a dozen copies, and pay you two dollars and a half a piece for them, as I am sure the GOLDEN GATE is by far the best spiritual paper published, and is doing a greater work in its harmonizing influence than any—I think all others. May you ever be blessed for your lofty efforts, the sincere wish of your sister." While we kindly thank Sister Woodruff for her good opinion, yet we do not feel that we are worthy of it.

—Mr. and Mrs. Chainey, aided by members of the Gnostic Society, will hold in their rooms, Flood Building, Sunday evening, at 8 o'clock, a memorial service for Dr. Anna Kingsford, one of the inspired writers of that remarkable book, "The Perfect Way—Love Advanceth Souls." Friends attending are invited to bring flowers. Prof. Chainey will lecture in Hamilton Church, Oakland, at 2:30 P. M. Subject: "The Heart of the Planet."

—Mrs. Foye, at her public seance in this city on Sunday evening last, wrote messages to persons in the audience in five different languages. When it is understood that these messages were all written topside down, and from right to left; and further, that Mrs. Foye can write only one language and that in the usual manner, we respectfully submit that here is something worthy the attention of thoughtful minds.

—Dr. W. W. McKaig will lecture next Wednesday at St. Andrew's Hall for the Union Spiritual Society. Anniversary lecture, subject: "Progression of Modern Spiritualism in the Last Forty Years." Doors open free to all at 8 o'clock sharp.







process for three dollars per dozen; and, no matter how long the process takes, a good likeness guaranteed.

DR. CHAS. RO  
OFFICE—426 Kearny Street, San Francisco



Chicago Physicians on Metaphysics—  
A Problem to Solve.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Several prominent Chicago papers have recently taken up the subject of Christian Science or Mental Healing, a belief that has gained a popularity in that city that is nothing short of startling. In a four-column article on "Healing by Thought" in the *Herald*, the writer asserts it as his conviction that the craze has already begun its inevitable decline, though he admits that at the present time there are no less than two hundred regular practitioners of mental healing in Chicago. These metaphysicians have their offices and hours like other physicians, and are overcrowded with patients. About three-fourths of these disciples are women, and though usually ignorant of physiology and medicine, they appear to be honest and sincere in their practice. At no time in the world's history has there been such enthusiasm over the occult and mysterious. It is the backward swing of the pendulum from materialistic tendencies so beautifully described by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps in her "Psychical Wave." People have also awakened to the fact that disease does not disappear in the ratio that doctors increase in number; and deep-rooted distrust in the beneficiary efficacy of drugs has taken a strong hold on the minds of the thinking majority. It is not unnatural that they should go to the other extreme and denounce all physical medication on the basis that *real* things are of the spirit, and sickness, therefore, is but a delusion of the mortal mind. When Mrs. Gesterfeld, a healer of distinction in Chicago, was asked if she could cure all disease, she replied, "Yes and no. All diseases can be cured, but are not. The possibilities are sufficient, but we have not yet mastered them. It rests with all Christian scientists to bring them to the point where cure is inevitable."

Dr. Foster, an eminent physician of the same city, says: "I have never objected to metaphysical treatment for my patients where no harm can come from its employment. If they think they can be cured by it, I tell them to go ahead. I have witnessed the practice of mental healing in hundreds of cases, and have never seen an *organic* disease cured by their treatment. I admit that the influence of the spirit over the body is very great. It organizes and vivifies it, and gives it that which distinguishes it from dead matter. Therefore, to keep the spirit cheerful, confident, and hopeful, is to put an individual in the most favorable condition for general health. Mental depression we all know will produce sickness of body, and yet these influences, though strong, will not cure a cancer. A man may be hopeful while dying, but he will die, nevertheless. There is a legitimate field for metaphysicians, but the trouble is to keep them in it. In cases of nervousness, hypochondria, hysteria, and various forms of neuralgia and dyspepsia, they do the one thing needed, quiet the mind of the patient, and consequently he gets well."

Dr. Henry M. Lyman, Professor of Physiology at the Rush Medical College in Chicago, in speaking of the same subject, very reasonably observes: "There is in every community a number of self-centered, hypochondriacal persons who pass their time in studying their own troubles, and whose symptoms are undoubtedly aggravated thereby. Any sudden interest would be of benefit, for it would divert their attention from themselves. The most conspicuous feature of the Christian science doctrine is the oft repeated assertion that matter is unreal, and sickness is impossible except as it exists in your imagination. The class of patients to which I allude are really benefited by this. It gives them a certain amount of self-reliance and courage."

Not many of these Chicago physicians are as lenient to the new philosophy as Dr. E. H. Pratt, a well known specialist and lecturer at the Homeopathic College. In one of his recent lectures in that city he says: "It is a mistake to suppose that the body is everything in healing, but it is just as much a mistake that the mind is the only element to be considered. I believe in the power of mind over matter, and I believe also that there is a power in the minds of some people to affect the minds of others. It is unquestionable that mental impulses make the heart beat faster or slower, cause one's dinner to taste good or bad, produce or remove headaches and affect every function of the human body. Physicians have always recognized these facts, but have not investigated or classified them, nor made any effort whatever to reduce them to a science. They have practically ignored the world of mind, and paid exclusive attention to the world of matter. This Christian science movement is sure to rouse physicians from their lethargy. Thoughtful and competent men will take up the investigation of mental power, garner the truth from that which is foolish and useless, and prepare the way for an ultimate union of mental and physical therapeutics, the result of which will be the perfection of the art of healing. The time is approaching when people will demand that in every medical college there be a chair of mental therapeutics, for the coming physician will not only understand the mechanics of his trade, but will also be a metaphysician so he can heal both the body and the mind

of his patient. He will remove the cause of disease as well as the effect, and where the former is purely a mental one, such as disappointment, hallucination, grief, etc., I expect superb results from metaphysical treatment."

These views of Dr. Pratt offer a plausible explanation of the cure of the following case that came under my notice the past winter: A young girl, more than a year ago, had severe nervous fever which left her a peculiar affection of the eyes, diagnosed by four of our prominent oculists as "muscular spasm of the eye." They agreed in their opinion that the *modus operandi* of cure was to paralyze these refractory muscles by the application of atropine, which would, for the time being, render her totally blind. The unfortunate girl submitted to this treatment, and for two weeks was led about wherever she went. What made her position almost unendurable to one of her highly sensitive nature was the fact that, being without home or means, she was dependent on her own exertions for her living. At the end of this enforced blindness what was her horror to find no change for the better in her eyes. In fact, whereas they had not pained her before, they now did so constantly. In my perplexity I did what I do in any emergency of the kind, I consulted a friend whom I always mentally designate "My Philosopher." Being a man of benevolent as well as sound judgment I decided to follow his advice.

"Try what metaphysics will do for her," he said without a moment's hesitation.

"You don't mean to say that you believe she could be cured by any mental process?" I answered in amazement.

"Her physicians all agree that the defect in her eyes was brought on by her late illness which was solely of the nerves. Now, to restore the equilibrium of her nervous system is to cure her eyes. This is but reason," confidently affirmed my philosopher with his imperturbable serenity untroubled by the fixed gaze of my wonder-struck eyes. "My dear madam," he continued, with an affectionate glance toward certain ponderous volumes on his library shelf, "I have been for many years a student of Theosophy, which is but an older name for this craze of the nineteenth century. Though becoming arrayed in modern attire I recognize my ancient friend in the so-called Christian science of to-day. Now, unless I misunderstand Miss —'s temperament, she is a splendid subject for a metaphysical healer. Among the mighty Himalayan ranges, from time immemorial, the wise men of India—the Adepts, as we English call them—have taught the philosophy that soul has its origin in God. Their faith in the omnipotence of man's immortal self is absolute and immovable. Spirit man proves the existence of divine spirit; the two are identical as a drop of water is part and substance of the fathomless ocean. These mysterious Ahrats tell us that when we first inhabited these human bodies we were sinless and happy, but later our physical nature gained the ascendancy over our spiritual, and we gradually assumed innumerable weaknesses of the flesh which ultimately resulted in disease, sorrow and death."

"But you," I interrupted, "do you believe this mysterious unreality to which a half dozen ancient and modern names apply with equal fitness, and yet which is still nameless to plain, practical humanity?"

"If I were a philosopher," resumed this prince of philosophers, "it would be an easy matter to give you a positive answer, for science has always its measure and scale; but I am only a close observer of human life, and know that its divine principle is unapproachable by ordinary ways of thinking. That which we call intuition will often grasp a truth that reason's stumbling footsteps can not overtake. This is why a large majority of our mental healers are women. Their superior spiritual perception has always been a matter of chagrin to our sex, for they have by nature what we only get from years of laborious study. Where one has a superabundance of what Beecher terms 'over-soul,' there are certainly some remarkable cures effected through the power of mind. The two great branches of modern metaphysics have two distinguished exponents, both of whom are women. While Madame Blavatsky exalts the supremacy of the occult philosophies of the Orient, Mary Baker Eddy, with equal zeal, but far less modesty, holds up Christian Science of which—and she is not likely to let you forget the fact—she is the founder. They are both remarkable women. Mrs. Eddy, though nearly eighty, is singularly youthful and beautiful in appearance, and judging from her works, her powers of mind seem rather augmented than impaired by her increasing years. She is the head and front of the cause in America, as Madame Blavatsky is in Europe."

After some further conversation with my philosophic friend, I decided to give Miss — over to the treatment of the most prominent of the Christian scientists on this Coast, and in less than two weeks, as far as any one could judge, her eyes had entirely recovered. This is several months ago, and there has been no return of her trouble. Of course she is an enthusiastic disciple of the cause, and is wonderfully happy in her delusion—if it be one. Now, here is a problem that even my philosopher can not solve for me. If the affection of her eyes was purely a nervous or imaginary one, why did not these learned occultists find it out?"

NINETTA EAMES.

## PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

**CHARLES H. HEATH,**  
Metaphysical Healer.  
Gives Treatments during March, in Los Angeles. Can be consulted at the close of W. J. Colville's lectures at the hall. Will visit patients if desired. Terms strictly moderate.

Mr. Heath's success, of late, has been truly wonderful. Absent treatments given.

TS. All of W. J. Colville's works, and many other valuable publications always on hand.

Subscriptions taken for GOLDEN GATE.  
no. 26

**C. A. ROGERS,**  
Artist.  
PORTRAITS PAINTED FROM LIFE, OR ENLARGED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS OR SMALL PICTURES OF ANY KIND, TO ANY SIZE DESIRED, IN OIL, WATER COLOURS, INK, CRAYON OR PASTEL.

Spirit Photographs Enlarged.  
Landscapes painted to order. Please call, or write for particulars. Studio, room 76, St. Ann's Building.

No. 6 Eddy Street, San Francisco.  
JAN 21

**MRS. ALBERT MORTON,**  
SPIRIT MEDIUM AND PSYCHOMETRIST.

Diagnosis and healing disease a specialty.  
270 Stockton Street, 1st fl. San Francisco.  
no. 41

**DR. W. M. KEELER,**  
SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHER.

454 Franklin Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Those who desire correct likenesses of their departed friends can send to the above address. The doctor operates upon likenesses of the living, thereby producing pictures of departed friends. Terms, \$5. Address as above.  
JAN 14

**MRS. L. M. BATES**  
Gives

INDEPENDENT SPIRIT TREATMENT FOR HEALING.

3035 CLINTON AVENUE, ALAMEDA, CAL.  
\$1 per treatment.  
TS. 22 p. m. in most cases. TS. 22  
SEP 24-5m

**DR. A. W. DUNLAP,**  
CLAIRVOYANT AND MAGNETIC HEALER.

802 MISSION STREET,  
San Francisco.

Diagnoses disease without questions; all kinds of disease treated; root and herb medicine used; eyes, cancer, tumors, etc., successfully treated; has had twenty years' practice as a Healer in this city. References at office.  
JUL 14

**SEALED LETTERS.**  
**ELEANOR MARTIN**

Now makes a specialty of Business—Full Spiritual message, \$5.  
73 Lane Avenue, Columbus, Ohio.  
NOV 19-3m

**MRS. M. MILLER,**  
MEDIUM.

Meetings—Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings and Fridays at 2 p. m. Sittings daily, \$1.00.

114 Turk Street, between Taylor and Jones.

Sittings daily. Admission to Public Circles, ladies 50 cents, gentlemen 75 cents.

**ASTONISHING OFFER.**  
Send three 2-cent stamps, look of hair, age, sex, and one leading symptom, and your disease will be diagnosed FREE by spirit power.

**DR. A. B. DOBSON,**  
Maquoketa, Iowa.

**MRS. M. E. AYERS,**  
PSYCHO-MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN.

Residence, 55 Valley Street, corner 23d Street,  
OAKLAND, 1st fl. 1st fl. 1st fl. CAL.  
AUG 13

**TRUTH WILL SURVIVE!**  
**MRS. PETTIBONE,**

IS HERE TO SUBSTANTIATE THAT FACT.

The past, present and future revealed; the sick healed; the lost found; homes made happy. Sittings daily,  
115 Jones Street.  
NOV 19-3m

**MRS. AGNES EVANS,**  
(Wife of Fred Evans, Independent Slate-Writer.)

TRANCE TEST MEDIUM.

133 OCTAVIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO.  
TS. Take the Haight Street Cars.  
JAN 25

**H. PETTIBONE,**  
PHYSICAL AND INDEPENDENT SLATE-WRITING MEDIUM.

115 Jones St., near Golden Gate Avenue  
SAN FRANCISCO.  
NOV 19-3m

**MRS. S. SEIP,**  
PSYCHOMETRIST.

Will give Psychometric Readings; Sealed Letters, and Questions Answered, and Reading of Rock, every Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. sharp.

Metaphysical College, 106 McAllister Street.  
Admission Free.

Residence, 30 Herman Street, two blocks from Haight, corner of Webster.

**MRS. MARY L. MCGINDLEY,**  
Mandan, Dakota.

CLAIRVOYANT, INSPIRATIONAL & BUSINESS MEDIUM.

Six questions answered for one dollar.  
Life horoscope sent for \$2. Satisfaction guaranteed.  
AUG 17

**SHORT-HAND AND CALIGRAPHY TEACHER.**  
**MISS GEORGIA HALL,**

At 161 Seventh Street, 1st fl. Oakland.

**MRS. SALINA PULSIFER,**  
MINERAL PSYCHOMETRIST.

Webster Street, 1st fl. East San Jose.

Small specimens of rock may be sent by letter. Prompt examinations made. Terms, \$5.00.

## PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

**FRED EVANS.**  
—MEDIUM—  
INDEPENDENT  
SLATE  
AND MECHANICAL  
WRITING.  
Sittings daily (Sun days excepted), from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. Private Developing, daily.

No. 133 Octavia Street, near Haight St., San Francisco  
Take the Haight Street cable car.

**MME. MARIE FRIS-BISHOP,**  
(Soprano, is open to engagements.)

Teacher of "Voice Building,"

ITALIAN, FRENCH, GERMAN, AND ENGLISH SINGING.

Pupils prepared for church, concert, oratorio or operatic stage.

Lessons private or in classes. Highest references. Twenty years experience.

For terms, strictly moderate, address 311 Taylor Street, San Francisco.

**ARTESIAN WELLS LOCATED**  
By Spirit Directions.

For Particulars and Terms, address

**MRS. J. M. MICHELL,**  
Box 71, Turlock, Cal.

**JNO. SLATER,**  
TEST MEDIUM.

400 Geary Street, San Francisco.

Sittings from 10 to 12.

**DR. D. J. STANSBURY,**  
INDEPENDENT SLATE-WRITING.

Office and Residence, 305 Scott Street, San Francisco.

TS. Dr. STANSBURY is now absent on a trip to the South and East. Due notice will be given of his return.

**MRS. F. SAGE, M. D.**  
302 STOCKTON STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

DISEASES OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN A SPECIALTY.

Office hours, from 8 to 10 a. m. to 4, and 7 to 9 p. m.

**MRS. DR. BEIGHLE,**  
Has moved into the

Murphy Building, On Market Street.

Over J. J. O'Brien's Store, Room 34.

She will visit San Jose every other day during the month of February, after which she will remain permanently in this city.

**MRS. SEAL,**  
MEDIUM.

Cures all diseases; also the use of tobacco in any form, liquor or opium; the cure of tobacco guaranteed or no fee will be charged.

Sittings, Daily, 1st fl. Circles, Wednesday Afternoons.

3016-17 No. 108 SIXTH STREET, S. F.

**HORACE H. TAYLOR,**  
MAGNETIC HEALER AND TEST MEDIUM.

1121 Ninth Street, SACRAMENTO, CAL.

P. O. Box 483.

Office hours, 9:10 a. m. to 10:10 p. m., except Sunday.

**MRS. M. E. CRAMER,**  
METAPHYSICIAN.

374 SEVENTEENTH STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

Hours for Treatment, 2 to 4 p. m., daily.

**A LIBERAL OFFER,**  
—BY A—

RELIABLE CLAIRVOYANT AND MAGNETIC HEALER.

Send four 2-cent stamps, look of hair, name, age and sex. We will diagnose your case FREE, by Independent Spirit Writing.

Address, DR. J. S. LOUCKS, Canton, N. Y.

**ASTROLOGY.**  
MASLOTH,

MAKES A SPECIALTY IN CASTING NATIVITIES.

TS. Send stamp for Circular containing full particulars.

Address, MASLOTH, Turlock, Cal.

**MRS. W. WEIR,**  
TELEGRAPHIC MEDIUM.

Controlled by the late Mrs. Breed.

TS. THE WONDERFUL RAPPING MEDIUM.

1592 SEVENTH STREET, WEST OAKLAND, Center Station. (Sittings Daily) DEC 10

**RODOLPH STICKNEY,**  
CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST.

Graduate of the Choate Metaphysical College, of Boston, Mass.

Office, 310 Tenth Street, Oakland, Cal.

Office Hours, 10 to 12 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m., week days.

"Come and drink of the Living Water, Come and partake of the fruit of the Tree of Life, And be healed."

**A REMARKABLE OFFER.**  
SEND TWO 2-CENT STAMPS.

Look of hair, state age and sex, and give your name in full, and I will send you a CLAIRVOYANT DIAGNOSIS of your disease, FREE. Address, I. C. BATFORD, M. D., Principal Magnetic Institute, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

## PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

**MIND HEALING!**  
Pacific Coast Metaphysical Company.  
THE SICK AND AFFLICTED SHOULD COME and be healed. There is help for all. Treatments given daily. Absent treatment a specialty. Will visit patients. TS. Classes formed monthly for instruction. TS.

All books, pamphlets or magazines on Christian or Mental Science for sale. Also standard works on Occultism and Theosophy. Humboldt Library of Science, and all novels on Metaphysical Thought. Sole agent for W. J. Colville's "Spiritual Science" and "Metaphysical Questions." Come to the office of W. J. Evans' works. Agent for THE ESOTERIC. Subscriptions taken at \$5.00 a year; single copies, 15 cents. Sample copies free. Send for price list.

For Terms of Instruction and Treatment, call on or address

**MRS. SADIE GORIE,**  
Manager Pacific Coast Metaphysical Co., No. 5 Turk Street, San Francisco.

**ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.**

See into the Causes and Natural Cure of Disease.

Having previously become a citizen of Boston, Mass., DAVIS may be consulted by letter or in person at his office,

63 Warren Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, from 9 to 12 a. m.

TS. He is remarkably successful in the treatment of every variety of CHRONIC DISEASE, either physical or mental, adapting remedies to meet the peculiarities and requirements of each case.

Consultation, with special directions for cure, \$5; each subsequent interview, \$1. Simple remedies, if needed, extra.

TS. Mr. Davis would be pleased to receive the full name and address of liberal persons to whom he may, from time to time, mail announcements or circulars containing desirable information.

**JAMES R. COCKE,**  
Developing and Business Medium.

CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN.

No. 151 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

Sittings Daily—From 9 a. m. till 5 p. m. Price, \$5.00.

DEVELOPMENT OF MEDIUMSHIP.

Dr. Cocke makes a specialty of developing mediums, and gives six private sittings for \$1.00 in advance.

CIRCLES.

Sunday, at 11 a. m. and 3 p. m. Also Thursday evenings at 7:30.

Do You Wish to Know if You Are a Medium? Send name, age, and address, together with 4 cents in stamps or postal note, and you will receive a letter giving brief temperamental reading and phases of mediumship. Write address plainly.

**CLAIRVOYANT AND TRANCE MEDIUM.**  
Come and Hear from Your Loved Ones.

**MRS. C. J. MYER,**  
Medium, accompanied by

**MRS. JULIANA JACKSON,**  
The Noted Magnetic Healer.

Will visit Sacramento for a few weeks, where they will be pleased to receive their friends.

Notice of residence and number in next week's paper.

**MRS. J. HOFFMAN,**  
CLAIRVOYANT & MINERAL PSYCHOMETRIST.

Sittings Daily, \$5.00.

Circles for Materialization, Saturday Evenings at 8 o'clock, and on Wednesdays at 10 p. m.

1330 Howard Street, San Francisco.

**PUBLICATIONS.**  
BY C. PAYSON LONGLEY.

Author of "Over the River," and other popular

Beautiful Home of Soul.

Come in Thy Beauty, Angel of Light

Gathering Flowers in Heaven.

In Heaven We'll know Our Own.

I'm Going to My Home.

Love's Golden Chain.

Our Beautiful Home Over There.

Oh! Come, for My Poor Heart is Breaking.

Once it was only Soft Blue Eyes.

The City just Over the Hill.

The Golden Gates are Left Ajar.

Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair.

Who Since My Child is Dead?

We're Coming, Sister Mary.

We'll All Meet again in the Morning Land.

When the Dear Ones Gather at Home.

Only a Thin Link Between Us.

Child of the Golden Sunbeam.

Home of My Beautiful Dreams.

Single song 35 cts., or 5 for One Dollar, sent postpaid.

For sale at the office of the Golden Gate.

**THE WATCHMAN.**  
AN 8-PAGE MONTHLY JOURNAL.

Devoted to the Interests of Humanity and Spirituality.

Also, a Mouth-piece of the American and Eastern Congress in Spirit Life.

Published by

**BOSTON STAR AND CRESCENT CO.**  
1090 Central Park Avenue,  
Milford Postal Station, Chicago, Illinois.

**HATTIE A. BERRY,** Editor and Manager.

**ARTHUR B. SHEDD,** Assistant Manager.

Terms of Subscription (in advance)—One year, \$1.00; Six months, 50 cents; Clubs of ten, \$10.00; Single copies, 10 cents. Sample copies free.

**AGENTS TO ENTIRELY WANTED TO SELL NEW BOOK**

The most wonderfully complete collection of the absolutely useful and practical which has ever been published in any nation on the globe. A marvel of every-day value and



